

JAMES B. EADS.

The Man who Conquered the Mississippi.

On a cold morning in the year 1833, a little family of four—a mother, two daughters, and a boy of thirteen—stood shivering and homeless upon one of the wharves of Saint Louis. They had come from Louisville, and the boat upon which they had arrived had caught fire just as she got into port, with the result that all their meager baggage had been destroyed, and they had hurried ashore only half-clothed. As they stood there, a forlorn, penniless group in a strange city, it would have seemed a bold prophecy to make, that the little lad was to be the most prominent man in that city in years to come, and that at the very spot where he now stood should rise one of the piers of the great bridge that was to be his memorial to many generations. Yet so it was; for the boy was James B. Eads, to be a famous engineer.

He showed his mettle, little fellow as he was (and undersized at that) by setting to work valiantly to help provide for the family. His father, who had sent them ahead from Louisville while he wound up his affairs there, and was to follow and open a shop, did not come for some time. A letter, in those days, was often a week going a couple of hundred miles, so the news of the family catastrophe could not reach the elder Eads for some time. Mrs. Eads was a woman of resource; charitable people came to her help, and she rented a small house and took boarders, while James peddled apples about the streets until his father arrived. One does not wonder that one of the boarders, a Mr. Williams, was so pleased with the lad's pluck that after this crisis in the family fortunes was happily passed, he offered James a position in his mercantile house, and gave him the use of his library.

For five years Eads worked thus as a clerk by day, and studied scientific books at night. Without a teacher, he thus educated himself, gaining a theoretical knowledge of engineering, and putting it in practice in a boyish way of building, in his odd minutes, a real steamboat, six feet long, and navigating it successfully on Chouteau's Pond. But his health, never strong, broke down in nineteen, and he was forced to look for some position where he could live in the open air.

Now the mighty Mississippi had always possessed a peculiar fascination for this boy. Its currents, its vagaries, its wrecks, its floods, were intensely interesting to him. For this reason, the position of clerk upon a river steamer, which he now took, was thoroughly to his taste. He studied the mighty stream as he had studied his books, and to as good purpose. "To understand his life," says his grandson, who has lately written his biography, "one must have some idea of the huge river, which seems to flow sluggishly or rapidly through his whole career; for if ever nature played a prominent part in the life of a man, the Mississippi did in that of Eads."

Three years on the river steamboats taught the young clerk the caprices and dangers of the "Father of Waters" from end to end of its navigable course. The swift chocolate-colored current, washing off clay in every bend and depositing it on every point of the land; the tortuous channels, changing every month; the bars forever forming suddenly and shifting mysteriously; the terrific floods of spring and ice gorges of winter—all these Eads observed and pondered over, till where others thought the river's apparent freaks the result of chance, he came to know them as "controlled by laws as immutable as the Creator."

The disasters on the Mississippi in those days were frequent, and every week boats were wrecked and left hopelessly, engines, boilers, cargoes and all, to go to pieces on the bars, swept by the ceaseless brown current. Eads determined to leave his clerkship and turn his knowledge of the river to practical account in raising these wrecks. The insurance companies were only too glad to give the wreckers half the value of the rescued cargoes, and, besides that, a wreck of five years' standing belonged wholly to the man who could raise it. Up and down the Mississippi for miles, Eads and his partners worked. The young engineer began to invent appliances, to try new devices, to succeed where other men had failed. From Galeana to the Gulf his work ranged, and now he had learned the bed of the Mississippi as well as its banks and currents; for, as he used to say, "there was not a stretch of fifty miles in the twelve hundred between Saint Louis and New Orleans in which he had not explored the bottom under his diving bell." He worked among his men, making it his rule "never to ask another to go where he would not go himself," and his talent for managing those he employed was remarkable. Fortune smiled on him; he bought a fine farm in Iowa for his parents and married the girl of his choice.

On his marriage, however, he decided to quit the river. He started a glass factory; but his partners were

incapable, and the workmen were hard to find, and after the most wearing worries and the hardest of hard work, the glass works were shut down. Eads was left with a heavy debt. Ill in body, but indomitable in pluck, back he went to the Mississippi; and in ten years every debt was paid off, and he and his partners were worth half a million.

At thirty-seven he was an expert in his profession, and proposed to Congress to remove all snags, wrecks, etc., not only from the Mississippi, but from its larger tributaries, and keep their channels clear for a term of years. But Congress was rent with the approach of the Civil War, and when Eads was called upon at last it was for a different purpose. President Lincoln felt that the Mississippi was the "key of the whole situation" when the war broke out and Eads was chosen to build gunboats for the government, with which to control the great river. Eads signed the contract on August seventh, 1861, for seven gunboats to be delivered at Cairo on October tenth. The timber was yet growing in the woods, the iron yet unmined; it was a time of great financial distress, and many mechanics had left their work to enlist. But in two weeks Eads had four thousand men at work, and his own fortune went to pay expenses. The seven boats were not finished in time, for the specifications were changed and it proved physically impossible; but they were only thirty-nine days late; and Eads, although terribly embarrassed financially, had the joy of seeing his boats the "backbone of the river fleet throughout the war" and of knowing that his promptness had saved the Mississippi to the Union. In later years the government paid him in full; but the fleet, when it was doing its patriotic work, was literally his private property.

After the war, his next work was to bridge the river he had saved. The great Saint Louis bridge marks an era in bridge-building, and pioneer work is never easy. Alone among other engineers, Eads insisted that to stand firm it must be built on the bed rock, and there were no engineering precedents for the three tremendous spans he planned. To look all his energy and influence to be allowed to carry out his idea, and the bridge took seven years of toil to build. One of the piers was sunk one hundred and ten feet below the surface of the river, through ninety feet of sand and mud. All other bridge-builders since have learned from Eads, and the finishing of this tremendous achievement made him rightly famous, the world over, as an engineering genius.

But he was not through with the Mississippi, yet. The worst problem of the great river was the choking bars at its mouth. They stopped the trade that might otherwise have brought wealth to the whole Mississippi valley. Eads set himself to conquer the stream by its own laws, and succeeded where every one else had failed. "Narrow the river just here," he said, "and it will scour out its own bed there." The idea was not entirely his own, for he had seen many jetties in Europe, but the adaption of the jetties to the Mississippi was new, and nobody believed in it. Eads had to offer to do it himself, and do it for less than half the estimated cost of any other plan, before Congress would listen to his ideas at all, and even then the contract was grudgingly made.

In a year the channel had deepened from nine to sixteen feet. In four years, the United States inspector reported a maximum depth of thirty feet, and the bar practically swept away. It has never formed again. Eads had mastered the Mississippi in this, his last achievement for his generation.

So, with that mastery proved, his work was done. He died in 1887, not quite sixty-seven years old.—William Rittenhouse, in *Forward*.

—A New York bank has created a sensation by withholding a rat and paying its depositors in full. It is not strange that such an unusual proceeding should create a stir in the financial circles of the metropolis.

—A girl admires extravagance in the young man she isn't going to marry.

—American steel wire rods are sold in England at \$3.75 per ton less than English rods can be sold on the ground.

—A recent rain in southern California increased the Lompoc mustard crop from three sacks an acre to 30 sacks.

—The manure from fifty fowls, if properly composed and mixed with sand and swamp muck, will make hill dressing for at least two acres.

—Churches in Indiana will observe the third Sunday in January as McKinley day.

—The Bachelor—"Bah! You save money by staying your wife." The Married Man—"And you save money by not having any."

—Some women never can convince themselves that every man who is polite to them is not trying to marry them.

—It is human nature to desire to be equal to your superior and superior to your equals.

AMONG THE OLD MASTERS.

Rembrandt's Shadows and Rubens' Fat Ladies Not Appreciated.

A good looking young woman, who had evidently been fed on large quantities of "centurion," was piloting about the art museum the other day a fat and comfortable middle-aged soul, whose agreeable but totally uninspired features showed that hers was the proud privilege of being mother to her companion. The girl dragged her mother from canvas to canvas, explaining things in a high pitched voice.

"Rembrandt was a Dutchman," she observed. "You see how full of shadows his pictures are."

"Shadows, indeed!" returned the mother. "I must say, though, it was well for that lady he did put her in the shadow. He must have been well paid for painting her, I should say," she added, with scorn.

The two passed on to Rubens. "Ain't they fat, those ladies—if you can call 'em ladies!" exclaimed the portly matron, for once interested.

"He used his wife as a model, mother," volunteered the cultured one.

"Well, now," said mother wrathfully, "to think a man would make such a show of his own wife! No, I may not be so well educated as you, but I know better than that, I hope."

The conversation, carried on in clear tones, had attracted the attention of half the room. The girl blushed deeply and drew her mother away in the direction of the modern rooms. The hopeless remark floated back:

"No, Antoine, it ain't no use. Them old masters all look alike to me."—New York Tribune.

An Expensive Telegram.

Punctuation, which used to be regarded as a very essential part of composition, does not receive the same attention today which was formerly given to it. There is, however, one man who, if he were asked, would be likely to concede its importance.

He is a wealthy business man of New York, a man of large liberality and very generous to his family. During his absence from the city his wife desired to make a purchase of lace amounting in value to \$2,000. The sum was large, and although she knew his company she decided to telegraph to him for his sanction before buying.

In reply to her telegram of inquiry came the answer, "No price too high." Touched by such liberality and stimulated by the cheering message, she proceeded to buy not only the lace which she had in mind, but other goods to the value of \$8,000.

When the husband returned and his wife showed him her purchases, he asked to see the telegram which she had received. It was something of a surprise to him, but he said nothing. What he had written was: "No. Price too high."

Shortest Sermon Ever Acted.

As to preaching, arguing and interpreting Scripture in the pulpit the eccentricities of ministers are endless. Lorenzo Dow performed "the shortest sermon on record." His subject was "Backsliding," and what might be called the body of the sermon consisted in his climbing up a smooth sapling with great pains and difficulty and the sliding down again. An immense concourse of people had assembled to hear him, and great was their astonishment at witnessing this performance. The only words uttered by the preacher on the occasion were, "Hold on there, Dow; hold on." Then he slid down again, put on his hat and left.

Celtic Sarcasm.

A traveler, touring Ireland, was passing through Tullaghan on his way to Sligo. Not far from that locality is a hill with two "kopjes," famous as being the scene of an ancient Irish battle. The tourist, wishing to verify some historical facts he had been reading, asked a peasant woman, "What do you call that hill over there?"

That query was to the woman a kind of insult to the fame of the place, which she evidently thought should be known by every one, and the sarcastic reply, "That for shure must be nothin' short as Spain, yer hanner," was sufficient to stop any further questioning.

Errors Are Easily Made.

An editor tells a story to show how the most glaring errors can be made, can be overlooked and almost get into print. A correspondent, probably writing hurriedly, spoke of a man who was injured in his "right foreleg." The editor who read the copy skipped over that "right foreleg" of a man as if it were the most ordinary thing in the world to meet four footed men. The compositor "set up" the "foreleg," and it was the ever watchful proofreader who came into the room with a broad grin on his face to ask how many legs men usually had.

—B. A. Milan, a clerk, is under arrest in New Decatur, Ala., charged with kidnapping negroes and selling them as slaves to the manager of a Tennessee river plantation.

—B. H.—"But why did you refuse him if you loved him?" Dora—"Well, you see, he said he couldn't live without me, and it aroused my curiosity."

—Be praised not for your ancestors, but for your virtues.

On a Landlord.

The other day a British landlord expelled a tenant because he had become the father of a fourth child. His lease stipulated that he had to leave if he had a family of more than three children.

Another strange clause in a lease is attracting attention. A gentleman recently hired an apartment and signed a lease in which it was particularly stipulated that if ever onion soup were cooked in his apartment he would have to quit at a moment's notice.

It so happened the gentleman was very fond of onion soup and, regarding the stipulation as merely a joke, gave orders to his cook a few days after moving in to prepare the savory dish. He had not, however, sat down to table to taste it before the landlord, who lived in the house, came up in a rage with witnesses to prove the violation of the agreement. The offending tenant had to go.

The Intimidating Widow.

"When does the next train that stops at Montrose leave here?" asked the resolute widow at the booking office window.

"You'll have to wait five hours, ma'am."

"I don't think so."

"Well, perhaps you know better than I do."

"Yes, sir. And perhaps you know better than I do whether I am expecting to travel by that train myself or whether I am inquiring for a relative that's visiting at my house! And maybe you think it's your business to stand behind there and try to instruct people about things they know as well as you do, if not better! And perhaps you'll learn some day to give people civil answers when they ask you civil questions, young man! But my opinion is you won't!"

"Yes, ma'am!" gasped the booking clerk.—London Answers.

Glass Made by Lightning.

Tubes of glass made by lightning are often found in sand. The electricity passes into the ground and melts the silicious material, forming little pipes, the inside diameter of which represents the "bore" of the "thunderbolt." Such tubes measuring as much as twenty-seven feet in length have been discovered. No doubt exists as to the method of their manufacture, inasmuch as people have sought for them and dug them up still hot from places freshly struck by lightning. Attempts have been made to reproduce them artificially by passing a powerful current of electricity through finely powdered glass. In this way pipes nearly an inch long and as big as a darning needle have been obtained. From the comparative size one gets a notion of the enormous energy of lightning.

The Season

IS now here when the farmer must look after the sowing of his Small Grain Crop, and we are prepared to help him do this. Sow your Grain with an—

Empire Grain Drill,

The Empire of the grain country. The most progressive farmers are using the Empire Force Feed Grain Drill. This Drill will force the Oats out as well as Wheat, without change in the feed. When you sow your grain crop with an Empire Force Feed Drill you are assured of a regular stand and an abundant harvest. You put the grain in the hopper and the Force Feed will do the rest.

We also carry a complete line of solid and cut-out Disc Harrows and Smoothing Harrows of all kinds. We are sole Agents for the CELEBRATED TORRENT HARROW—the Harrow that breaks the land and harrows it at the same time. Try one of our Torrent Harrows and you will use no other.

The Syracuse Turn Plows still in the lead—the standard of the world.

We can supply your wants in Rubber and Leather Belting. A complete stock of Machinist Supplies, Steam Fitting Goods, Packing, &c. Carpenters' Tools and a general line of Builders' and Heavy Hardware.

Plumbing Supplies a specialty.

Yours for Trade,

BROCK HARDWARE COMPANY,

Successors to Brock Brothers.

LANDRETH'S Fresh Onion Sets,

FOR FALL PLANTING,

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Q. FRANK JOHNSON.

FRANK JOHNSON & CO.,

Builders of Delivery and Farm Wagons,

Dealers in Carriage Material Hardware and Paints.

Repairing and Reupholstering promptly executed. We make a specialty of "Goodyear" Rubber and Steel Horse Shoeing. General Blacksmith and Wagonwork. Only experienced and skillful workmen employed. We have now ready for sale "The Johnson" Horse-mulch. Hand-made Farm Wagons that we especially invite your attention to. We put on Goodyear Rubber Tires.

Yours for business, Church Street Opposite Jail FRANK JOHNSON & CO.

Sharks Are All Cowards.

Although sharks are esteemed the greatest terrors of the ocean, they are in reality the greatest cowards of the finny tribe. The fiercest shark will get out of the way of a swimmer if the latter sets up a noisy splashing. A shark fears anything that splashes in the water. Among the south sea islands the natives never go bathing alone, but always in parties of half a dozen or so, in order that they may make a great hubbub in the water and thus frighten away the sharks. Once in awhile a too venturesome swimmer among these natives foolishly detaches himself from his party and forgets to keep up his splashing. Then there is a swish, the man eater comes up from under him like a flash, and he is gone.



CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

It is not a trouble to select your Presents from a well-selected Stock of— JEWELRY, CLOCKS AND WATCHES like I carry. If you will buy of me only you will wear diamonds some day and your friends will praise your taste. See my elegant display of Bracelets for 75c. Nothing like it ever seen.

JNO. S. CAMPBELL, THE Jeweler.

State of South Carolina, County of Charleston, ss.

I, R. Y. H. SANCE, Judge of Probate, do hereby give notice that he will on the 13th day of January, 1902, apply to the Judge of Probate for Anderson County for a Final Settlement of said Estate, and a discharge from his office as Executor.

L. P. SMITH, Ex'r

Dec 11, 1901 25 50

THE undersigned, Executors of the Estate of Thomas Erskine, deceased, hereby give notice that they will on the 30th day of January, 1902, apply to the Judge of Probate for Anderson County for a Final Settlement of said Estate, and a discharge from their offices as Executors.

J. W. ERKINE, Executors.

Dec 4, 1901 21 50

By R. Y. H. SANCE, Judge of Probate, do hereby give notice that he will on the 13th day of January, 1902, apply to the Judge of Probate for Anderson County for a Final Settlement of said Estate, and a discharge from his office as Executor.

R. Y. H. SANCE, Probate J. dge.

Dec 25, 1901 27 25

ARE YOU DEAF? ANY HEAD NOISES?

ALL CASES OF DEAFNESS OR HARD HEARING ARE NOW CURABLE by our new invention. On those born deaf are incurable. HEAD NOISES CEASE IMMEDIATELY. F. A. WERMAN, OF BALTIMORE, SAYS:

Gentlemen:—Being entirely cured of deafness, thanks to your treatment, I will now give you a full history of my case, to be used at your discretion. About five years ago my right ear began to ring, and this kept on getting worse, until I lost my hearing in this ear entirely. I underwent a treatment for catarrh, for three months, without any success, consulted a number of physicians, among others, the most eminent ear specialist of this city, who told me that only an operation would cure me, and even that only one, that the head noises would be lost forever. I was then in a New York paper, and ordered your treatment. After five days according to your directions, the noises ceased, and in the diseased ear has been entirely restored. I thank you very truly yours.

F. A. WERMAN, 728 Broadway, Baltimore, Md. Our treatment does not interfere with your usual occupation. Examination and advice free. YOU CAN CURE YOURSELF AT HOME at a nominal cost. INTERNATIONAL AURAL, 214C, 596 LA SALLE AVE., CHICAGO, ILL.

AVOID TROUBLE

By letting us tighten your TIRES before they get too loose. We understand how to do this work to get the best results.

Any Repairs on Carriages, Buggies and Wagons will be done promptly. PAUL E. STEPHENS.

Notice of Final Settlement.

THE undersigned, Executor of the Estate of Lewis M. Ayer, deceased, hereby give notice that he will on the 13th day of January, 1902, apply to the Judge of Probate for Anderson County for a Final Settlement of said Estate, and a discharge from his office as Executor.

L. P. SMITH, Ex'r

Dec 11, 1901 25 50

Notice Final Settlement.

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J. W. ERKINE, Executors.

Dec 4, 1901 21 50

OPIMUM COCAINE AND WHISKY

Habits Cured at the Sanatorium of reference. 25 years a specialty. Book on Opium Cocaine and Whisky. S. M. WOOLLEY, M. D., Atlanta, Ga.

For all forms of Malarial poisoning take Johnson's Chill and Fever Tonic. It cures Malarial poisoning in your blood means misery and failure. Blood medicines can't cure Malarial poisoning. The antidote for it is Johnson's Tonic. Get a bottle to-day. Costs 50 Cents If it Cures.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY.

Condensed Schedule in Effect June 30th, 1901.

STATIONS.	Daily No. 15.	Daily No. 11.
Lv. Charleston.	11:00 p.m.	7:00 a.m.
Summerville.	11:00 p.m.	7:00 a.m.
Branchville.	11:00 p.m.	7:00 a.m.
Orangeburg.	11:00 p.m.	7:00 a.m.
Kingville.	11:00 p.m.	7:00 a.m.
Lv. Savannah.	12:30 a.m.	12:30 a.m.
Barwell.	12:30 a.m.	12:30 a.m.
Bluffville.	12:30 a.m.	12:30 a.m.
Prosperity.	12:30 a.m.	12:30 a.m.
Newberry.	12:30 a.m.	12:30 a.m.
Ninety-six.	12:30 a.m.	12:30 a.m.
Greenwood.	12:30 a.m.	12:30 a.m.
Ar. Hodges.	12:30 a.m.	12:30 a.m.
Ar. Abbeville.	12:30 a.m.	12:30 a.m.
Ar. Belton.	12:30 a.m.	12:30 a.m.
Ar. Anderson.	12:30 a.m.	12:30 a.m.
Ar. Greenville.	12:30 a.m.	12:30 a.m.
Ar. Atlanta (Gen. Time).	12:30 a.m.	12:30 a.m.

Close connection at Calhoun Falls for all points on S. A. L. Railway, and at Spartanburg for S. C. Railway.

For any information relative to tickets, as schedule, etc., address:

J. J. CRAWFORD, Gen. Agent, Anderson, S. C.

T. M. SMITH, Train Master, S. C.

J. Reese Fast, Agent, Anderson, S. C.

THREE PAPERS A WEEK.

For about the Price of One.

The Anderson Intelligencer — AND THE — Atlanta twice-a-week Journal For \$2.00.

Here you get the news of the world and all your local news while it is fresh, paying very little more than one paper costs. Either paper is well worth \$1.50, but by special arrangement we are enabled to put in both of them, giving three Papers a week for this low price. You cannot equal this anywhere else, and this combination is the BEST PREMIUM for those who want a great paper and a home paper. Take these and you will keep up with the times.

The Semi-Weekly Journal makes common cause with the farmers and publishes hundreds of letters from them on farm topics, describing their experience in making crops, etc.

It is a paper devoted to the development of the resources of the South and the welfare of its people.

Besides general news the Twice-a-Week Journal has much agricultural matter and other articles of special interest to farmers. It has regular contributions by Sam Jones, Mrs. W. H. Felton, John Temple Graves, Hon. C. H. Jordan and other distinguished writers.

Call at THE INTELLIGENCER office and leave your subscriptions for both papers. You can get a sample copy of either paper here on application.

CHARLESTON AND WESTERN CAROLINA RAILWAY.

AUGUSTA AND ASHEVILLE SHORT LINE in effect Oct. 6th, 1901.

Lv. Augusta.	10:15 a.m.	2:55 p.m.
Ar. Greenville.	12:30 p.m.	5:15 p.m.
Ar. Spartanburg.	12:30 p.m.	5:15 p.m.
Ar. Asheville.	12:30 p.m.	5:15 p.m.
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